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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1814.

NO. 20.

*THE FAITHFUL PAIR.*

BY A LADY.

(Concluded from our last.)

SHE replied, she could not think of giving her hand where her heart was not united : neither would she reward his generosity and affection with so much indifference. He said, she had so many amiable qualities, that if she would bless him with her hand, he hoped time, and his constant study to please her, would secure him a place in her affections. Julia said, it never could be, and begged him to suppress an hapless passion, as it would embitter his peace of mind, and be of no avail ; and as a proof of the regard he professed, desired he would never importune her more on a subject so disagreeable. After being silent some time, with a profound sigh he declared, he would hazard his life rather than disoblige her ; and though she forbade him declaring his passion, she could not prevent his adoring her, which he should do to the latest period of his life. Company coming in, interrupted him from saying more. He appeared evidently much hurt, but endeavoured to conceal his feelings. Julia knew the pangs of love too well not to pity him ; but she vowed never to forsake

her dear Melbourn. She mentioned what had passed between Mr. Sedley and her to Miss Stanley, and begged she would tell him not to persecute her more on a subject so very disagreeable, as she never could think of him. Miss Stanley said, he was a man of an unblemished character, and was respected by all that knew him ; and if she had not known her heart was so entirely devoted to another, she should have been an advocate for him ; but as his addresses were so repugnant to her inclinations, she would dissuade him from persevering. Julia thanked her for her friendship, and was rather easy, thinking he would not trouble her more. It is true, he did not trouble her with a recital of his love ; but the cogitation of his mind threw him into such a low way, that his physicians were afraid it would terminate in his death.—Though he was in this melancholy way, he would always make one in a party of pleasure, for an involuntary impulse led him where the lovely Julia was ; nothing could divert his thoughts from the beloved subject of their contemplation. Julia mingled in every idea. He had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations, only for Julia. We may suppose it gave her pain to see a worthy man in such a situation on her account ; and as she thought her absence might be productive of

restoring his health, she was determined to leave London as soon as possible. She communicated her intentions to Miss Stanley, who was very sorry to be deprived of her agreeable company; but if she thought that might be conducive to Mr. Sedley's health, she would endeavour to reconcile herself to parting. Accordingly she took an affectionate leave of her friends, and set out for home, where she soon arrived, and found her parents in perfect health, and happy to see her. Julia was too fond of her parents to conceal any thing from them; therefore she told them of Mr. Sedley's addresses. They said, if she could have been happy and returned his affections, they should have been glad; but as it was, they never would urge a wish that was averse to her inclination. Julia thanked them for their kindness, and said it should ever be her study to repay the goodness of such affectionate parents. She had been home some time, when she received a letter from Miss Stanley, wherein she informed her, that her absence was far from having the desired effect. Mr. Sedley came there the day she went, and when he found she was gone, he was in a state of distraction. He begged of Miss Stanley to intercede for him. She told him she would do all in her power; but she knew Julia's heart and affections were so entirely attached to another, that she begged he would not flatter himself with the most distant idea of ever possessing her person or affections. He sat motionless for a while; at last rising in great agitation, exclaimed, "Then I must be forever miserable! The only woman my soul ever adored, or ever can; for she has fixed so firm a dwelling in my heart, that nothing but death can eradicate." He then left the house in great anxiety, and has been dangerously ill ever since. The reader may imagine the disagreeable predicament Julia was in when she heard this. Her mind was torn with a thousand distracted thoughts of the sufferings of so worthy a man, and her absent Melbourn. It possibly might have been fatal to her health, had not an accident intervened, which greatly alleviated the perturbation of her mind.

Melbourn's father being a hunting, his horse threw him, and left him for dead. The company ran to his assistance, and he was taken home as soon as possible. The physicians found he had fractured his skull, and pronounced it impossible for him to survive the day. He was in a state of insensibility, and expired the next day in the greatest agonies. A letter was sent to Melbourn to communicate the melancholy intelligence of his father's death. He was shocked beyond the power of words to express, and returned as soon as possible to attend the funeral obsequies of his father, and pay the last tribute of a tear to his memory. As soon as he returned, his first enquiries were after his beloved Julia. He sent her an affectionate letter, to inform her he should see her as soon as the interment of his father. The joy of Julia can easier be conceived than described. Spirits of love and sympathy, inspirers of all the soft affections, of all that is beautiful in feelings and elevated in thoughts, ye alone can tell; ye who can awake such thrilling harmony from that sweet instrument the human soul—ye can tell what were her sensations. Anticipation was too much. At last the happy moment arrived; Melbourn flew to his lovely Julia, and caught her in his arms. Their transports were inexpressible; at last he exclaimed—"Oh, my angel, this day is the happiest of my life, that gives my adorable Julia into the arms of her ever faithful Melbourn, to part no more. My Julia cannot but suppose I am sensibly shocked at the death of my father; but the pleasure of making you mine for life, obliterates all my pain. You cannot conceive the racks and tortures I have endured: life was burthensome, and the greatest pleasures were irksome, without my Julia." "Oh, Melbourn!" says the transported maid, "let your sufferings be ever so great, mine were equal to them, for I never knew a moment's tranquility in your absence." "Then, my Julia, why should we delay the happiness that awaits us? We have now no cruel parent to part us; then I hope you will make me happy as soon as decency will permit." She told him he was too

well convinced of her affections to suppose she had a wish or thought but what might contribute to his happiness. After more conversation, he took his leave for the present. After his father's demise he told Julia, they had made the sacrifice which the world and their feelings had dictated. "Such worth and goodness merit every possible consideration. You are necessary to my happiness—and by a speedy union I hope to insure your's also." He left Julia to inform her parents of their approaching happiness, which we may suppose she did with the greatest joy. Her parents were so well convinced of the tender affection that subsisted between them, that they immediately gave their consent—and said, nothing would add to their happiness more than to see her perfectly so. She informed Melbourn of her parents' answer; and after great preparations, the nuptials were celebrated with the greatest splendour. Nothing could equal the ecstatic bliss of Melbourn when in possession of his lovely Julia; and she was equally happy in having such an affectionate husband as Melbourn. And what added to her happiness, (if there was a possibility of an addition) was, that Mr. Sedley, hearing she was married, became resigned to his fate, and was quite restored to health. They lived in uninterrupted felicity for many years; and when death put a period to their existence, their memory was perpetuated by a number of amiable offsprings.

#### WALKING.

I can conceive, says Rosseau, of but one way of travelling pleasanter than on horseback; and that is going on foot. You set out at your own time; you stop when you please; you take as much or as little exercise as you choose; you view all the country; you turn to the right or to the left; you examine every thing which strikes you; you stop at every point of view. Do I see a river; I coast along it. Do I approach a hanging wood; I walk under its shade. A grotto; I enter it. A quarry; I examine its strata. Wherever I perceive any thing which invites me I

stop. The moment my curiosity is satisfied I depart, without waiting for horses or postillions. I am not curious about picking out beaten paths, or convenient ways, but I tread wherever a man may pass, I see whatever man can see; and being dependent on no one but myself, I enjoy the most perfect liberty which man can possess.

What I most regret, respecting those particulars of my life which I do not remember, is, my not having kept a Journal of my travels. Never did I think, exist, live, or was myself, if I may so express it, so much as in those journeys I have made alone, and on foot. Walking has something in it which animates and enlivens my ideas. I can scarcely think when I stand still. My body must stir in order to stir my mind. The view of the country, the succession of agreeable sights, a good air, a good appetite, and good health, I get by walking. The freedom of inns, the distance of those objects which force me to see subjection, of every thing which reminds me of my condition; the whole gives a loose to my soul, gives me more boldness of thought, and seems to carry me into the immensity of beings; so that I combine them, choose them, and appropriate them to my will, without fear or restraint. I imperiously dispose of all nature. My heart, wandering from object to object, unites, and becomes the same with those which engage it. It is compassed about by delightful images, and grows intoxicated with delicious sensations. If to determine them, I divert myself, by painting them in my mind, what vigorous touches, what resplendent coloring, what energy of expression do I not give them!

In another place he says, "I made a dinner, such as those only who travel on foot were ever acquainted with. I travelled on foot in my best days only, and always with delight." He also informs us that he was so fond of walking, that he was extremely desirous of making the tour of Europe on foot, in company with Diderot, and another literary friend. They agreed to undertake such a journey; but the project never took effect.



An English clergyman thus expresses himself upon this subject. "He who travels on foot has an opportunity of wandering from hill to hill, from stream to stream, and from one rich valley to another; of dwelling on lovely landscapes and delicious scenes; and of seeing numberless objects and numberless places, which are inaccessible to the horseman, and never were seen by any one whirled through the country in the state prison of a coach. For these, and many other reasons, I choose to make use of my own legs, and prefer the wholesome exercise of walking to all the modes of conveyance which effeminacy and luxury can invent."

### *THE INFANT RAMBLER,*

OR DISTRESSED MOTHER.

ELIZA was a person of the most delicate feelings, she was married to a gentleman whose sentiments were equal with her own. He was taken ill; his illness turned to a putrid fever, and though attended by the most celebrated physicians, was summoned to that tribunal at which we must all appear. Being sensible in his last moments of his dismissal from his corporeal prison, he desired to breathe his last sighs in the bosom of Eliza—she obeyed the request—she shed the tears of connubial affection on his cheek, he wiped them off with the back part of his hand, and then turning his dying eyes upon her, thus spoke:

"Our son, the only offspring of our marriage, you know, was my fondling; I often danced him on my knee, I often sang the songs of infancy to him, when he dropt the tear of disappointment; and could see him brighten into a smile, as the sun sometimes peeps through a cloud after a shower; his hilarity pleased me, I hugged him to my bosom, I offered to heaven a prayer for his prosperity in this world, and his happiness in the next."

Here his voice failed, and he sunk on his pillow, remaining for some time motionless, with his eyes fixed towards heaven, he seemed to speak some ejaculation to the Infinite Being, the Paternal Creator! In a few moments he

was able to speak, but not to rise;—"Come nearer, my dear!" said he to Eliza, "though I am certain you anticipate what I can say on this awful subject. Let the first years of Bill be tinctured with religion, and let religion as well as school-learning be joined together, throughout the whole course of his education."

He now heaved a sigh, and casting a look of death, said to Eliza, "I am going to leave you; I leave you both, with my expiring breath, to that eye, and that power, who sees, and can, and will provide—but I am going, I must leave you." He then stretched himself out, and lifting up his hands to heaven expired, without a groan, or a struggle.

Eliza, who was conscious that another world would compensate for the troubles, the just, the honest, the righteous, are doomed to in this, resigned herself to the awards of Heaven; and after her husband's interment, was assiduous in imprinting the sentiments of religion on the mind of her son.

Children in all stages are rather refractory, the male sex especially, having an innate pre-conception, if we may call it so, do not like to be governed: the precepts of the schoolmaster it is their study to elude, the commands of a parent it is their glory to vacate. Master Bill was too frequently told by Eliza, that he must never go from home without her company, or that of her governess; but born free, he converted his idea of freedom into licentiousness.

One day, having made an elopement, he entered a wood at a small distance from his mother's house; but advanced too far to find his way back again. He was distressed, distressed with the recollection of his violating the injunctions of a parent, and much more with the melancholy ideas raised by his forlorn situation. In the midst of his horrors he was met by a woman, who seemed affected with his feelings, and offered to show him the way out of the wood; on which he gave her his hand, and with the engaging prattling of infancy, shewed her, that he had a sure confidence in her friendly offer.

Instead of shewing him his way out, she conducted him farther, even to the

centre, and there stripped and then left him.

The loss of his clothes, the remembrance of his disobedience, in making this excursion, the incapacity he was in, had such an effect, that although he had wandered almost to the extremity of his solitude, oppressed nature obliged him to stop, and lying down fell fast asleep.

Eliza during his absence was plunged in the greatest distress; sent messengers to every part of the vicinage, and receiving no intelligence, went herself in quest of her infant Rambler: Providence directed her steps to that part of the wood in which her treasure was hid—Ascending a gentle declivity she saw him, fast asleep, on a grassy bank.

His slumber she broke with her tears and caresses; her fondness, her raptures, would not permit the power of reproaching—but she whispered to herself, “How many of my own sex are ruined, for their disregard to their parents, and their becoming—beautiful Runaways!”

#### LETTER FROM A SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURER IN THE LOTTERY.

(Concluded.)

I was harrassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys who drew the ticket, the commissioner's clerks who wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket all of them praying, “That my *Honor* would consider them.” I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me that I hardly knew the face of one in ten of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out 'prentice; another lately *white washed*, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and some very kindly told me they would borrow three

or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition—She found in the first place (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the article of plate and china.—She is also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the opera.—Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her because the number was her own choosing: And she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes—for, upon making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains; and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a first or ten thousand.

I am

Your very humble servant,

JEOPHY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to the club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.” (*Lond. pap.*)

#### MINE ATVERDISHMENT.

Rund away, or sdolen, or sdrayed mine large plack Horse, apout vourteen oder vifteen hans und six inches hie—he has been got your plack legs, two pehint, and two pefore, and he ish plack all over his poty, but has been got some vite spots pon his pack, ven de skin was rub off, but I greezed um, and now de vite spots ish all plack agin—he trods, an kanter, an paces, an sometimes he valks—and ven he velks, all his legs and feet goes on, von after anoder—he has two ears pon his head both alike, put von ish placker dan toder—he has two eyes, von ish put out, and toder

ish pon de side of his head, and ven you go toder side he vont see you—ven he eats a cood deal, he has a pig pelly—and as a long dail vat hangs down behind, but I cut it short toder day, and now tish not so long vat it vas—he ish shodd all round, but his behind shoes comed off, and now he ish only got shoes pefore, he holts up his head, and look gaily, and ven he ish been frighten he gumps apout like every ting in de world—he wil rid mit a saddle, or a chare or a kart, or vill go by himself vitout nopody but a pag on his pack vid a poy on it—he ish not very old, and his head ven he walks or runs goes pefore, and his dail stays behind, only ven he turns round, gets mat, and den his dail sometimes comes first—Whoever vill bring him pack shall pay five tollars reward, and if he brings pack de tiel vat stole em, he shall bay pesides dwenty tollars, and ax no questions.

STAUKEN FONDERLENDER.

(Communicated for the Museum.)

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

From the present apprehension of an invading enemy, the exertion of our citizens to repel an attack, demand the highest commendation. Yet it seriously becomes us to look to the arm of the Almighty for defence. "It may be that the Lord will work for us, for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." The word and the providence of God combine to instruct us that there is an inseperable connexion between sin & punishment; and therefore it well becomes us as individuals and as a nation, deeply to humble ourselves for the sinful causes of our present calamity, and to implore the interposition of the Lord to save us from destruction. It is for those who profess the fear of God, this address is particularly intended. We cannot but recollect, that when our city was visited with pestilence, a solemn awe pervaded its inhabitants; and, the more pious of them, of almost every religious denomination, had their assemblies for solemn prayer. God heard our supplications, and the calamity was removed.

does not the present state of our city and country call equally, if not louder for the performance of the same duty? Will not God be enquired of by us to defend and to save, as he was of the House of ancient Israel? I call not in question the fervour of the public prayers of our ministers; but let not this be deemed sufficient. Every heart should feel, and every lip should supplicate the throne of mercy in private and in public. In our city, as well as in the country, we rejoice in the Lord Christ, that there are many men of grace, as private christians, richly endowed with the spirit of prayer, and who have been in the habit of leading the devotion of private societies. Not having yet been informed that any pious associations have been established, expressly, for humiliation and prayer, under our present national calamity; I have thought it my duty as an aged watchman of our Zion, affectionately and solemnly to impress the minds of my pious fellow citizens in particular, with the importance of devoting at least, one evening in the week, exclusively for social prayer; as convenient places for the purpose are abundant.

In our present contest, it is our imperious duty, that all private political sentiments should yield to a general and consolidated union for defence: equally so assemblies for prayer should be held without regard to particular religious denominations. And who can tell, but that the Lord will answer and assure us as he did Jerusalen, "I will defend this city to save it, for mine own sake."—Kings, xix. 34.

J S.

#### ANECDOTE.

A very ignorant woman, who seldom attended divine service, one day happened to go to church, when she heard a sermon from Luke xiii. 3. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."—At her return, some of her neighbours enquired of her, what was the minister's text?—Oh, la!" she exclaimed, "a dreadful—dreadful text—*except we pay our rent we shall be all turned out of the parish!*"



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—  
TO ELLA.

"A bruised reed he will not break;  
Afflictions all his children feel;  
He wounds them for his mercy sake.  
He wounds to heal!"

—  
AGAIN I gladly tune my lyre,  
Since Ella deigns a kind reply,  
If grief my willing muse inspire,  
Or if on sportive wings she fly.

Ella, with those who weep I weep;  
I'm joyful with the glad in heart;  
My own sad woes in silence keep,  
Or to a bosom friend impart.

Young too like thee, no stricken years  
With wisdom fraught, hang o'er my head,  
Yet I have learnt—a path of tears  
Conducts the living to the dead.

Go where we will; fly where we may,  
Sin follows with his chast'ning rod;  
Involves in gloom our brightest day,  
And points to an offended God:

A God most just, whose power supreme  
Can set the sinful captive free;  
Can make the ruffled mind serene,  
And calm misfortune's boist'rous sea.

But sorrows have a heavenly charm;  
For tho' they speak a threat'ning voice,  
Still they protect my soul from harm,  
And bid me in my God rejoice.

I know he sends them from above;  
That they are under his controul:  
They show his mercy and his love  
To wound our heart, but heal our soul.

When grief bears heavy on our breast  
It wakes our monitor within,  
Before with pleasures lulled to rest,  
Now he exclaims—Beware of Sin!

Oh! "what a mystery of love"  
Through this dark veil of grief appears—  
"A Saviour reigns in heaven above,  
And He will wipe away our tears!"

—  
SUILENROC.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

To a Gentleman, who reproved ADELAIDE  
for shedding tears, alleging that they were  
enemies to beauty.

—  
THE burning tears of deep felt woe,  
May turn the blooming cheek soon pale,  
The tears which anguish bids to flow,  
To tell its sad, its mournful tale.

But let those tears still faster flow,  
Perchance a bleeding wound they bind,  
And if the rose's bloom should go,  
They'll leave its fragrance in the mind.

A tear can wet the care-worn cheek,  
Can shine in pleasure's sparkling eye,  
'Tis through a tear the soul can speak,  
'Tis through a tear that grief can sigh.

There is an hour to mem'ry dear,  
When scenes forever gone arise,  
Regret will bid the willing tear  
Display its magic in our eyes.

Then blame not tears, unless they flow  
At envy's call, revenge, or pride,  
Such tears shall deep-wrought furrows sow,  
And ev'ry smiling beauty hide.

Still will I love the silent tear  
That falls, and yet I scarce know why,  
A tear which time shall make more dear  
And call another to the eye.

The silver tide shall never dry—  
While feeling and a heart are mine,  
That heart shall bless the tear and sigh  
Devoted to affection's shrine.

—  
ADELAIDE.

### THE PEASANT'S SLEEP.

Sweet is the Peasant's sleep!  
Sweet, if by toil he earn his bread:  
He knows not half the care and dread  
Which agitate the rich man's mind.  
And make him watch and weep;  
But casting sorrow to the wind,  
Sweet is the peasant's sleep!  
Refreshing are his dreams!  
No tantalizing scenes of wealth  
Mock him, possess'd of ease and health,  
He fears not murderers, storms, nor fire,  
The rich man's nightly themes;  
But innocence and peace inspire  
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn,  
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,  
Light fly his slumbers as a cloud,  
Reflected by the noon-day sun,  
On wings of light is borne;  
No head-ache veils in mantle due,  
The peasant's happy morn.  
Goddess of sweet repose!

When toil invites my limbs to rest,  
With thy warm pinions shield my breast,  
Breathe thro' my lips thy kindest dreams,  
My willing eyelids close,  
And as the peasant's slumber seems,  
Be such thy sound repose.

—  
EPIGRAM.

To a Blis' l Man in Love. From the Spanish

—  
If it is true as lover's say,  
That through the eyes love makes his way,  
I know not how in thee we find  
So much of love since thou art blind.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17, 1874.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Since our last the following glorious intelligence reached here from the post-master at Plattsburgh: That on Sunday morning the 11th of Sept. commodore M'Donough, our naval commander on Lake Champlain, took the whole British force on that lake, after an action of two hours. The vessels captured are 1 frigate of 32 guns, 1 brig of 22 guns, 2 sloops of 10 guns each, and several galleys. The battle was fought in Plattsburgh Bay, while a severe action was going on by land against a large regular enemy's force under Sir George Prevost, consisting of four brigades of infantry and an immense train of artillery brought for the purpose of reducing Fort Moreau, commanded by gen. M'Comb, at Plattsburgh. The enemy left on the field 400 killed and wounded, and expectations were entertained that one-third of their army would be destroyed before they could reach their lines.

The naval action is represented as being of the most sanguinary character; that the British commodore was killed the first broadside, and that his ship was so shattered afterwards as to sink. On board this ship it is said they had 106 killed. On board our commodore's ship 60 is said to have been killed, and that not officer on board this ship, except the commodore, but what was either killed or wounded. The enemy's loss said to be immense. Their ship the Growler had but five men alive when taken. Our loss is stated at 115 killed and 130 wounded.

From the south we have also the pleasing information that the enemy have failed in their attempt to take the city of Baltimore; after effecting a landing at North Point, about 15 miles from the city, on the 11th inst. from which time to the 14th, as yet, but little is known here, only that they have been compelled to retreat on board their ships after suffering severely, and it is said with the loss of gen. Ross, their commanding general.

The news from the eastward since our last, state the movements of the enemy up the Potomac as far as Hampden, and the consequent destruction of the Adams frigate to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands, whose principal object appears to be the destruction of the public & private vessels of the country.

By the official statement of the Council of Alexandria it appears they had no alternative but to treat with the enemy as they did, all their militia being called away to do duty

elsewhere; and they state their loss to be 3 ships, 3 brigs, and several river craft, carried away, and one ship burnt. 16,000 barrels of flour, 1000 hogsheads of tobacco, 150 bales of cotton, and about 5000 dollars worth of wine, sugar, and other articles, it is said they took off.

The privateer Chasseur has sent into this port the British brig Eclipse, from Buenos Ayres for Liverpool, laden with a valuable cargo of skins, furs, horns and pig iron.

The privateer Whig has also arrived here from a cruise of four months, with ostrich feathers, deer-skins, &c. taken from captured vessels. She has made 18 prizes, part of which she has ordered in, and part destroyed, and has brought in 28 prisoners.

From the west very important advices may shortly be expected, as it is said between 2000 and 3000 militia have volunteered to cross to Fort Erie.

A letter from New-Orleans of Aug. 19, says that smuggling and piracy are carried on to the greatest extent at Barratari, an island in the river 60 or 70 miles below New-Orleans. It says, within the two last weeks, four new prizes have been carried in, one a Russian vessel from England bound to Pensacola, and a Dutch galliot, and as none of the crews have been seen or heard of, it is supposed they have all been murdered.

Accounts from Newbern, N. C. mention the unfortunate explosion of a Gun-boat there, on the 23d ult. by the accidental discharge of a musket into her magazine, by which eight men were killed and several wounded.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. William C. Brooks, to Miss Deborah R. Hartwick, of this city.

## Obituary.

### DIED.

Mr. John Murray, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Magdalen Cross, consort of Mr. Isaac Cross, aged 27.

Of a consumption, Mrs. Amelia Conover, wife of Mr. Ruliff Conover.

Mr. Simeon Romaine, aged 44.

In England, capt. Anthony Tardy, of this city.

### THE MUSEUM.

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